



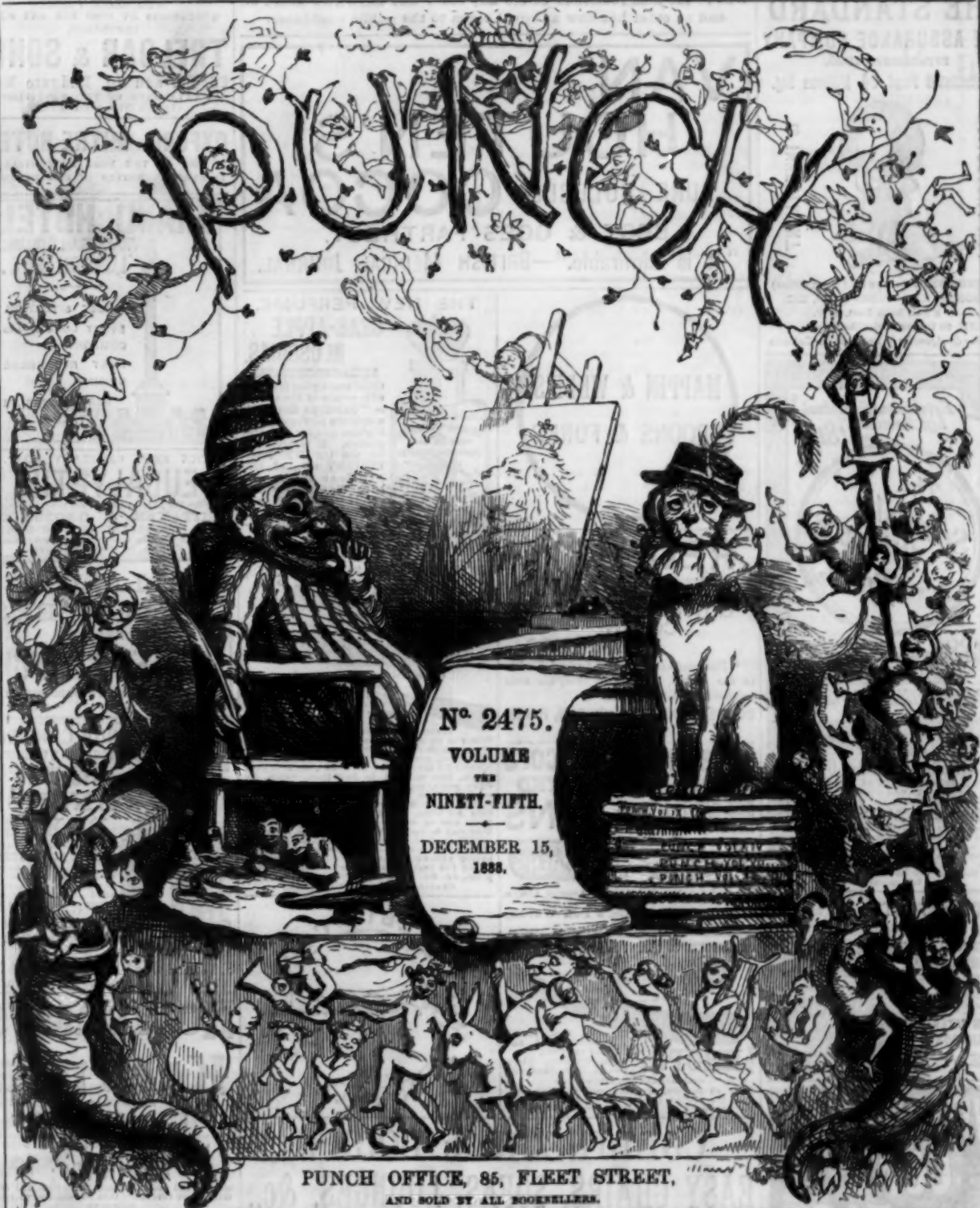
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A GROVE OF BLARNEY.

SIR G. G., Director of the Royal College of Music, wrote last week to the *Times* a letter, complaining that nobody knows anything



Sir George Grove writing a long note.

about the Scholarships of his Institution the R. C. M. The letter was evidently intended for a musical setting, and not having time at our disposal for this, we will just give one extract, with our idea of what it wants to make it half effective, so as to reach the masses.

He wrote thus:—"The Prince of Wales" (*Triumphal Hymn*—"Bless the Prince," &c.), "with great wisdom" (*Harps and trumpets; wind and string; obbligato pomposo*), "as it seems to me" (so 'umble! bless him! *Violin squirmoso* . . . But it is well to remind Sir G. G. that Sir A. S. has already used this very phrase in the great duet

between *Bouncer* and *Cox*, in *Cox and Box*, "Or as it seems to me," "precisely," "quite so," "then we both agree," &c.), "ordained," (*full orchestra, fortissimo crashe, majestuosissimo grandissimo*)—and then follows what the superior wisdom had ordained; namely, that throughout the length and breadth of the land the municipal bodies should make known the existence of these scholarships which are like the Waverley Pen "a boon and a blessing to men." So mote it be! After Mr. Punch has suggested the proper musical form of publicity, it ought not, at all events, to be Sir GEORGE GROVE of Blarney's fault, if his ships, his well-found scholar-ships, are not duly manned.

MR. PUNCH'S "CHRISTMAS ANNUAL" ALPHABET.

A is the Christmas Annual (so called, you may remember, Because it's set-up in July, and published in September).
B is the Baby stealing jam—with pinafore and flut messy! (This style of "Coloured Subject" is considered very Christmassy.)
C is the Carol, sung in snow. If anybody bets on it, [on it.] We'll wager there's a window-blind somewhere, with silhouettes
D is the Dancing in the Hall, where you'll a tiny flirt see In rollicking "Sir Roger" make her Grandpapa a curtsy.
E is the Editorial, which explains each illustration. (In many cases not a work of super-erogation!)
F is the Fun, which we should not—perhaps we're hyper-critical!—At any other time of year particularly witty call.
G is the Girl with tennis-bat, inside a hammock sleeping, Charming, and with the Season, too, so thoroughly in keeping!
H stands for Holly. Formerly some pretty maid with joy cut it, If Artists brought in Holly now—the Editor would boycott it!
I is the Ice, of course, a crowd of merry school-boys skating on it—But, as the subject's overdone, we need not be dilating on it.
J is the Jollity in which all hearts should join harmonic; But Annuals "in the movement" take a point of view sardonic.
K's Kissing 'neath the Mistletoe. Once everyone was doing it: All high-class illustrators now are rigidly tabooing it.
L is the Log they burnt at Yule. 'Tis long ago since we did it! These patent gas-stoves possibly have somewhat superseded it.
M stands for Mistletoe—and here we should require apology, Did we omit some mention of "Druidical Theology."
N is the Novelist whose tale is portioned 'mongst the pictures. (As no one ever reads it, he is safe from any strictures.)
O is Originality—why hanker for a touch of it? [of it!] The Public's quite contented, though they mayn't be given much
P's Pathos; if your eye is moist, be not ashamed to dab it! It is a touching subject—"Child, with inviolated rabbit."
Q is the Queen of Twelfth Night Feast, by drawing lots elected, But that comes after Christmas, and may safely be neglected!
R stands for Robin. How upon his breast they used to dash on The liberal crimson! now the bird is fallen out of fashion.
S is the Satire, harmless chaff on Persons in Society. ("Smart" Annuals supply it now in every variety.)

T's a good Title: "SELKIRK hears the distant church-bells chime." Or—"Prehistoric Christmas, in the Tertiary Time."

U is the Undecided Man, who tries to choose an Annual. [new all! From the dozens on the bookstall, where they look so spick and span]

V is the Verse, which Editors o'er vacant spaces scatter, It generally rhymes and scans—if not, it wouldn't matter!

W's the Wrapper; as a work of Art, it is surprising, And forms the best of mediums, too, for those who're advertising.

X is the Xtra Supplement. Subscribers who are slatterns, May find their taste corrected by the "Gratis Sheet of Patterns."

Y stands for Yule—a term which makes some people rather restive, But it means the same as "Christmas," and, in print, it looks more festive!

Z is the Zest with which (although there's little now or funny in 'em), We pounce upon the Annuals, and invest our surplus money in 'em.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MISTAKEN PRESCRIPTION.—You have totally misread our recipe. It was not three "pints" of Condyl's Fluid that you were to have added to the basin of water which was to have served as a refreshing lotion for your face, but three *drops*. The result, of course, can only have been what you have described. We are not surprised to hear that your face has become a deep rich orange-brown. This is, of course, a little awkward, if you happen to be dining out. But you must not be impatient. It will possibly wear itself off in the course of a few months.

A STRENGTHENING REGIMEN.—When you say that you feel at times "as if a steam-roller were going over you," you describe your symptoms, no doubt, accurately, but there is really nothing serious the matter with you. You had, however, perhaps, better take a tumbler of hot cod-liver oil, mixed with rum, before your meals, five times a day, and every half-hour a good wine-glass of Bloxter's Dyspeptic Elixir, alternating this, if you find the former pall a little upon you, with a quart of real turtle, water-gruel, or Fincher's Prepared Magnesia Paste. Keep to a generous diet, and eat as much pork, pastry, pickles, cheese, cucumbers, anchovies, and walnuts, as you can conveniently manage. Should the slight giddiness you mention continue, or even increase, after you have habituated yourself to this diet, endeavour to run a mile immediately after every meal, when no doubt it will pass off. A persistent effort in this direction for six months will make another man of you. By the bye, do not forget your hot mustard plunge-bath before going to bed every night.

HUNTING PROBLEM.—It is a pity that before inviting your sporting friends down to your new "place," and promising them a mount, you did not discover that not a pack of hounds met anywhere within twenty-five miles of it. However, you are evidently doing your best to remedy your mistake. Your sending off a cheque for ten pounds to the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs, with a request that the Manager would forward you "immediately by return" a miscellaneous dozen of them, and your opening negotiations with the local circus to which you refer, to get up something like a meet on your lawn on the morrow of your friends' arrival, were both happy inspirations. Perhaps the circus people might be able to supply you with a tame fox, or, if nothing better could be found, even a performing bear, which would almost complete your arrangements for your anticipated "run." If your friends are not very "keen," we dare say you will pull the thing through comfortably enough. Anyhow, we shall be glad to hear from you how it has gone off.

ECONOMICAL WEDDING PRESENT.—We should certainly have thought that the young couple you mention would have been highly delighted with the three-and-sixpenny set of bedroom fire-irons with which you presented them, and would much have appreciated your kind offer to change them either for a black coal scuttle, metal gravy spoon, rolling-pin or kitchen umbrella if they would rather have preferred one of the above-named articles, and we cannot understand your having received no acknowledgment of your gift. As, however, the presents will probably be displayed at the wedding breakfast, and ticketed with the donor's names, perhaps you might find it more agreeable to be out of the way. We should advise you to absent yourself from the ceremony.

LATEST ADDITION TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



Delight of Moore on hearing that Burgess had been made an A.A.

"APPLIED ART;" OR, HOW TO DIRECT PUBLIC TASTE.



Moral (to Royal Academicians, from the President's Address).—"If you want a thing well done, do it yourselves."

Sir F. L-ght-n. Good boys! The new Renaissance moves; Beauty's no more non-resident; And oh, the happiness it brings to an aesthetic *H-re-l-y*. No doubt, for you, like me, dear boy, are nothing if not subtle,

I hope you'll find the "precious spark," Sir *FREDERICK*, in my scuttle. What fitter place for "fire-germs"? You're the new Prometheus, clearly, And your language, well, you know, it's *merum nectar*—honey merely.

T-d-ma. "Confectionery," *H-rs-L-y*! If you quote, man, do not garble. But what d'ye think, Sir *FREDERICK*, of my hip-bath carved in marble? Could Persia or Pompeii, aye, or even happy Preston,

Produce a thing it would more truly please your eye to rest on?
Sir F. L-ght-n. Most admirable, ALMA! When the chisel
 or the pencil

Of the true Promethean artist shapes the humblest house-
 Then the chill Philistine world will feel "the vital flame of
 beauty."

A consummation we must aid. 'Tis clearly Art's first duty.

M-rks. Of course! A common kettle is a brutal bit of work;
 But when 'tis no more "Sukey," but a penguin, crane, or stork,
 With a handle like a pair of wings, a spout that's like a beak,
 Then, by Jove! it knocks CELLINI to the middle of next week.

Sir F. L-ght-n. Your rhetoric, my M-rks, is not too sugary
 or saccharine.

M-rks. Well, I don't mind something prettyish to put my
 beer or bacca in;

But as to pretty-pretty in my patter—that's all flummery.

Sir F. L-ght-n. Well, your kettle does you credit, though
 your style is somewhat summary.

The true receptive readiness, the growing malleability,
 The definite intuition, the æsthetic agility,
 That England lacks so sadly, will, no doubt, increase by culture,
 And a fork that's like an eagle, or a spoon that apes a vulture,
 Perchance in time will turn a guzzling Aldermanic ninny
 Into a much more suitable companion for a PLINY.
 Fancy Philistia civilised through the kitchen and the pantry
 Pompeii left a blessed bequest than—we'll say CHANTREY.

Orch-rds-n. From bluntness of perception there's no doubt
 the public suffers.

But this decorative candlestick, and these æsthetic snuffers,
 I fancy ought to fetch it, and to make in its dull head room
 For an adequate perception of Art-beauty in the bedroom.

Sir F. L-ght-n. I'm glad you take my cue, dear Q., and see
 that what I simply meant

Was this, that Art should permeate the humblest household im-
M-l-s. Simply! Well, that's a twister. Though you're
 truly Ciceronian,

In exuberant verbosity you're transcendently Gladstonian,
 I won't say meretricious, that would make your fine taste queasy,
 But I'm hanged if you are simple, and I'm dashed if you are
 easy.

That "fire-germ of living beauty," in a lamp now, or a ladle,
 In a spit, or in a pipkin, in a cauldron or a cradle,
 What precisely is its meaning?

G-d-ll. Look at my Perambulator,
 And I think you'll twig at once, JOHN. As Domestic Decorator
 I conceive I've found my métier.

P-ynt-r. Then I hope you won't get out of it!
 The Pap-Bowl is important in its way, there's not a doubt
 of it.

'Tis the Englishman's Palladium, but do you think he'll
 A morsel more, if, with Minerva's owl, we chaps embellish it?

Sir F. L-ght-n. That precisely is the object of our latest Art
 evangel.

M-l-s. Well, upon the strings of eloquence you "fiddle like
 But we are not now at Liverpool, nor with CELLINI toiling.
 How can we banish Ugliness, yet keep our own pots boiling?

That's what I want to know, dear boy!

Sir F. L-ght-n. No longer worship Mammon!

M-l-s. Humph! Coming from us fellows, don't you think
 that sounds like gammon?

Sir F. L-ght-n. Let's generate an atmosphere that does not
 reek of money;

Shun all that smacks of clap-trap, or is focussed to the funny.
 Yes! Glittering gold should have no fascination for the
 Master.

His aim should always be High Art, though clothed in vulgar

M-l-s. Mine is in meerschaum, as you see, this time. But
 fancy smoking

My well-loved baccy in this thing! Sir FREDERICK, you are
 Can we expect the public to develop "intuition"

Upon what's set before it at our Annual Exhibition,
 Where the vulgar and the vapid, like the gazers, crush and jostle?

Of course, FRED, if a fellow means to be an Art Apostle

And take his vows of poverty—

All. Oh, hang it, that's not good enough!

M-l-s. And toil enough, and stint enough, and o'er his labour
 brood enough,

And shun the Swells, and cut the Clubs, and chuck up Fun
 In fact pursue his mission with self-sacrificing passion;

He may, perchance, in time, assist in definitely moulding
 That public taste which you have been so eloquently scolding.

But—who is going to begin? Mammon must be resisted,
 If the best talent in the Cause of Beauty be enlisted.

Her cause is a most glorious one, we Artists should be leal to it;
 But if we'd smash the Golden Calf, 'tis clear we must not
 kneel to it!



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Doctor. "WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR YOU TO DO—YOU MUST
 GO YACHTING FOR NINE MONTHS!"

Patient. "OH! THAT COSTS SO MUCH MONEY—BESIDES I'M A BAD SAILOR
 —IS THERE NO ALTERNATIVE?"

Doctor. "WELL—YES—BY NO MEANS AN EXPENSIVE ONE—NOR ONE THAT
 WILL MAKE YOU SICK! DON'T EAT SO MUCH!" [Patient chooses the Yacht.]

OH (FOLK) LAW!

MR. ANDREW LANG, in his Presidential address to the members of the
 Folk Lore Society, alluded to modern slang expressions as belonging to a
 branch of popular etymology. He particularly alluded to the "Oof bird,"
 which, he said, "he understood to refer in some way to the accumulation
 of wealth." He suggested that it might be argued that "Oof was a cor-
 ruption of the French *œuf*, an egg, and that reference was made to the
 Goose with the Golden Eggs." Always ready to assist historical research,
Mr. Punch gives a few ancient phrases, with their probable derivations:—

"All Round my Hat!" Evidently connected with the noble house
 of CECIL, who resided at Hatfield. Queen ELIZABETH once visited a
 SALISBURY at Hatfield, and, doubtless, asked to be taken "round."

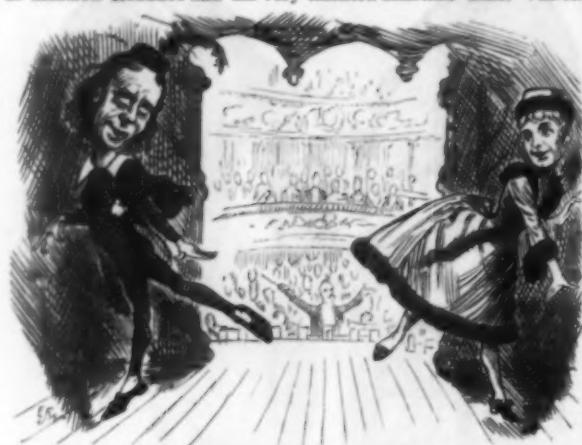
"Pop Goes the Weasel!" Connected with the spending of money
 = "That's the way the money goes—Pop goes the Weasel!" To "pop"
 is a quaint expression for raising money on the security of personality of
 an insignificant description. "Pop goes the Weasel" may be read, "the
 weasel goes pop—or popping," i.e., visits a pawnbroker. Why a weasel
 should have been selected is unknown, unless the animal was the crest of
 some of the earlier Lombards. This is not impossible, as a weasel is
 described as a creature that can never be caught slumbering; denoting,
 therefore, a fund of extra intelligence.

"Or any other Man." This catch-phrase was very popular some ten
 or twenty years (time passes so swiftly) ago. No doubt it should be
 "author man." An "author" man is, nine times out of ten, superior to
 any one else, and thus the saying, which was originated with a view to
 create attention, is calculated to carry out that object. It is said that it
 was invented in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, but this may be
 because the first to use the phrase was a Christy Minstrel, who may have
 been a descendant of the guard that attended the dowry of Madras which
 the swarthy STEWART took on his marriage to his wife.

It need be scarcely added that *Mr. Punch* will be glad to receive any
 further information on the subject that any member of the Folk-Lore
 Society may be pleased to send to him. He would receive it for the
 sake of "Auld Lang Syne," as their President MERRY ANDREW would say.

PLAY-TIME ALL ROUND.

ARTHUR ROBERTS himself is as funny as ever in the new *opéra bouffe*, *Nadgy*, at the Avenue Theatre, though he has not been provided with sufficient material for his exuberant humour; that is, up to now. His lesson in deportment to the Ladies, especially when he shows them how to behave at a Linen-draper's, is capital fun. But I expect that, about Christmas-time, there will be something introduced into the Third Act, where the fun somewhat flags. The "Zim sim zig-a-zig" duet is amusing, and obtains as many encores as ARTHUR ROBERTS and his very talented assistant Mlle. VANONI



The two Zig-a-Zigs showing a clean pair of heels to the Audience.

feel inclined to take. When they are exhausted, they shake the dust of the stage off their shoes at the wings, and, unfortunately, have no other scene together.

Nadgy has a good plot and some smart dialogue, and the Composer has hit upon some pretty melodies, of which the most taking, if not the best, is the tenor song, admirably given by the still "Jolly" party of the name of TAFLEY. Mr. MARSH has very little to sing or do, but he does that little well; and Miss GIULIA WARWICK looks every inch a Princess, and a little over, and she makes the most of the not very effective music that falls to her share. Mr. DALLAS, as the gay old *Margate*—(I wonder ARTHUR ROBERTS doesn't call him "Margate" by accident, and then make a mistake, and address him as "Ramsgate," and then as "Pegwell")—is just what I should imagine a gay old *Margate* would be if he were Mr. DALLAS. He has some funny lines to deliver, and now and then, like Cox, in *Boz and Cox*, he "joins in a chorus," and, as an Irish witness from the Special Commission would say, "he occasionally takes his part in a solo."

Miss SALLIE TURNER is one of the merriest callies in the piece. ARTHUR ROBERTS, to whom I cannot help returning, as, after all, or before all, he is the principal attraction, is irresistibly comic in his sentimental speeches, which invariably terminate with a request that he may be allowed to explain a little puzzle.

Nadgy is bright and lively; dresses and scenes brilliant. Mons. MARIUS has put it on the stage in first-rate style. "A Mons a Mons for a' that!" as anybody may exclaim who has an *opéra bouffe* to produce, and is looking out for a Stage Manager. I suppose that, as the piece here owes all its success to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, the audience on a first night don't call for "Author! Author!" but for "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!" Can anything of this sort be a failure with him in it? and ROBERTS + VANONI = Certain Success. Q. E. D.

Plenty of stir in the Operatic World. Dorothy still running: has ran over to the Lyric. Paul Jones coming to the Prince of Wales's. Perhaps before Pooh-Bah-rington & Co. decide on the withdrawal



Princess Giulia Warwick, "Oh! he's my Marsh!"

of W. S. GILBERT's Pooh-Bah-rington Hall at the St. James's, Sir ARTHUR may be called in to introduce a duet between Miss NEILSON, who, I hear, has a nice voice, and Pooh-Bah-rington, with a dance modelled on that of the Dancing Quakers or the P.-Bah and JESSIE BOWD's eccentric *pas de deux* in *Ruddigore*. The introduction might be too late to save the piece, but it would make a fine festive finish for the last night, and would draw one big house at all events, to speed the parting guest. In answer to numerous inquiries, the first initial in W. S. GILBERT's name does stand for WILLIAM, but the second—the "S"—does not stand for SHAKESPEARE.

DEURHOLANUS is busy with his Pantomime. He does the thing thoroughly. Not a big head that he doesn't try on, not a trap on which he doesn't go down, or be shot up. Not a wire that is to carry a fairy that either he, or his indefatigable private secretary and literary adviser, does not fly across the stage upon, before allowing a *fee* or a *coryphée* to essay it. The flying fairies are so fond of their profession, that they soon become strongly attached to the wires that are to carry them. Fact. *The Babes in the Wood* is, as every one now knows, the subject. What are the odds against something being said about a "whine in the wood" in the course of the Pantomime? Last night of *Armada* on the 15th and abdication of Queen ELIZABETH. PRIVATE BOX.

VOCES POPULI.

A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

SCENE—A Hotel Billiard-room—anywhere. Mr. BALK and Mr. FOOTLER discovered about to begin a game. Captain HAZARD and Mr. SPOTTERBARDE, who have come in just too late to secure the table, seat themselves on bench, and look on. A Friend of Mr. FOOTLER's is smoking in the background.

Capt. Hazard (in an undertone to Mr. S.). They won't be long. We shall get a game before they close—it's only a quarter-past ten now.

Mr. Footler (a weedy, limp man, with spectacles, and a mild expression). It's ages since I've touched a cue—you ought to give me something, really.

Mr. Balk (short, stout, and self-satisfied). All right! How much?—will seventy do?

Mr. F. (a little hurt). Oh, I'm not so bad as all that—say twenty-five.

[Chooses a cue with great circumspection.] Mr. Footler's Friend. I shall put a shilling on you, FREDDY, my boy—so play up!

Mr. Balk. I'll break. I always make it a rule to play for safety. (Makes a miss in baulk, but manages somehow to leave his ball near centre pocket). Ah! (with an air of reproaching somebody else) too fine, too fine!

Mr. F. (chalking his cue). You've left me a chance there. Let me see—perhaps I'd better leave you where you are for the present, hit the red first, and come back to you afterwards? I think that's the better game.

Capt. H. (aside, to Mr. S.). Seems to think he's playing parlour croquet!

Mr. F. (after shifting the position of his left hand several times, and agitating the end of his cue, misses red ball, and lands himself eventually in corner pocket). I've let you off, you see! Now how the dickens did I do that, I wonder?

Mr. B. Can't say, I'm sure—that's three to me (after playing). Ha! I've left 'em for you again.

Mr. F. I can't do anything. . . . There, didn't I tell you so? But I've saved my miss, anyway!

Mr. B. (walking round table). I ought to do something here. Yes, I shall hit the red very fine, and go in off him into the left-hand top-pocket—that's the proper game (plays). Te-hee! Too much side on!

Capt. H. (sotto voce). He's right there!

Mr. Footler (hurried). My turn, is it? But—er—where's my ball—eh?

Mr. Balk (good-humouredly). Why, you see, you got into one of the pockets, old fellow, out of my way.

Mr. F. Ha! ha! So I did. I—I thought it was the best thing to do. What's the game, Marker?

Marker. Twenty-seven. Three.

Mr. F. I don't like potting my adversary's ball—but you leave me no choice.

Marker. Three. Twenty-seven.

Mr. Balk (encouragingly). Very near, very near, Sir. Well, you haven't left me much.

Mr. F. (laughing feebly). No, I—I couldn't afford to. (Mr. BALK makes an easy cannon). Oh, good shot!

Mr. B. (complacently). Ah, I'm getting my eye in now.

[Strikes sharply, and sends ball off the table.]

Capt. H. (aside). (He'll be getting somebody's eye out presently! Mr. B. (receiving ball). Thanks—much obliged. (Explanatorily to F.) I put rather too much screw on that time.

Mr. F. (with pride). That's another to me, Marker!

[Makes a cannon.

Mr. B. (patronisingly). There, you see, you can hit 'em when you take a little trouble. Not a bad stroke at all.

Mr. F. (modestly). I'm afraid it was a bit of a fluke. Oh, I go on playing, don't I? That's two to me, Marker—(after playing again) . . . and another to this gentleman.

Mr. B. (plays, and makes another cannon). I played for that. Creeping up to you, FOOTLER, eh!

[Later. Mr. FOOTLER's score is thirty-five—Mr. BALK's, nineteen. Mr. FOOTLER is benignly patronising; Mr. BALK gloomy, and inclined to cavil.

Mr. F. (beaming with honest pleasure). Five more to me, Marker! I hope you're keeping the score correctly?

Mr. B. Well, you aren't going to tell me you tried for that! . . . Two more! Come, I say—it's impossible to play against such flukes as that—you played to go in off the red.

Mr. F. Oh, n-not altogether . . . (misses). There, you can't say I didn't try for that!

Mr. B. (scanning the cloth). Um—don't like this at all . . . Shan't score this time. (He doesn't). Now you've got me! (Gloomily).

[Mr. F. plays, and makes three.

Mr. B. (disgustedly). There, I never saw the balls run as they do for you in all my life!

Mr. F. (generously). Well, you're 'not in form to-night—I can see that.

Mr. B. Form! What good's form against such infernal fluking? There—go on—it's you to play!

Mr. F. I was just looking round the table, that's all. Well, I shall have a shot at the double event . . . Oh, hard luck!

Mr. B. (growling). Hard luck? Hard stroke, you mean! (Plays.) Was that a cannon, Marker?

Marker (imperturbably). No, Sir—nothing, Sir.

Mr. B. (hopelessly). It's no use—they won't run for me to-night! Mr. Footler. Here, Marker, jigger, please. Is the red ball clear of the cushion?

Marker (inspecting it). Good half-inch, Sir!

Mr. F. Then that's my game. (After playing.) Phew! a mile off! You may beat me yet, old fellow.

Mr. B. Not to-night. I can't do anything. . . . There, ever see anything like that in your life?

Capt. H. (in an undertone). I'm hanged if I ever did! They ought to rent a table by the week if they want to play a game out!

Mr. F. Long game this! Tell you what, BALK, if you like to take that twenty-five back, I've no objection!

Mr. F.'s Friend. Oh, I say—and how about my shilling?

Mr. B. (annoyed). Don't be too confident, FOOTLER; I shall catch you up yet. I play a waiting game.

Capt. H. Jove—and so do we!

Mr. B. I wouldn't make too sure of that shilling, JONES, the game isn't over yet by a long way.

Marker (confidentially). Beg pardon, Gentlemen, but it's getting late, and those other Gentlemen are waiting to play—would you mind playing fifty instead of a hundred up? Makes a shorter game, Gentlemen.

Mr. F. Well, I'm quite willing.

Mr. B. Of course you are! But I never meant to give you twenty-five in fifty—I'd give nobody such long odds as that.

Mr. F. Then, look here, suppose we play fifty up, and you take twenty-five—that'll make you forty-six to my forty-seven.

Mr. B. (brightening visibly). That's fair enough—all right, Forty-six-ten, Marker. I shall have a chance now. (Lies on table and, in making stroke, kicks Mr. F. in waistcoat.) Conf—FOOTLER, I shall have that stroke over again.

Mr. F. (removing to a safe distance). I shall take good care I don't!

Mr. B. (after missing again). Of course I knew I shouldn't bring a stroke like that off twice running—(bitterly)—you ought to run out easily, now!

Mr. F. (trembling with excitement). Oh, I'm not so sure about that.

[Aims jerkily.

Jones (his Friend). Mind what you're about, old fellow—remember I've a shilling on you!

Mr. F. (after missing). Hang it, JONES! I wish you'd wait for the stroke—it's enough to put any fellow out!

Mr. BALK. Forty-seven all! (Plays.) Was that a kiss, Marker?

Marker (impassively). No, Sir; 'nother miss, Sir.

Mr. Footler. I'll make it safe this time. (Plays.) Pah, never got near it!

Mr. BALK. Now then—(plays)—tut-tut, not legs enough!

Capt. H. (aside). Legs! a centipede wouldn't have enough for him!

Mr. Footler. Forty-nine—forty-eight. This is getting devilish exciting! (Plays.) Oh, dear me, that's another to you—I must be careful now!

Mr. BALK. Oh, you're all right—I shan't get anything to-night.

Mr. Footler (amiably, as Mr. B. is aiming). Have some more chalk?

Mr. B. (angrily). Chalk! what the—there, it's all your . . . wait a bit—it's not going to be a miss, anyway . . . it's—hi! go on—go on, can't you! (Ball wavers a few seconds, and drops into pocket.) Game to me! (Magnanimously.) Well, FOOTLER, you play a finer game than I thought you did, but I fancy I should beat you by more than this on a better table, and then you started twenty-five to the good, you know! Capital exercise, billiards—the King of indoor games!

Marker to Capt. H. and Mr. S. (who have risen eagerly). Very sorry, Gentlemen, close on 'alfpast eleven, Gentlemen—closing time!

Mr. F. (to Mr. Jones). Well, old fellow, if I didn't quite pull it off, you'll admit you had a good run for your money!

[Mr. BALK walks out with restored complacency. Mr. FOOTLER follows with Mr. JONES in a more resigned frame of mind. The Captain and his Friend reserve their remarks until they are alone. Lights extinguished as Scene closes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Co." draws attention to *Among the Turks*, by V. L. CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., as a first-rate story of adventure by land and sea;



also *In Palace and Faubourg*, by "C. J. G." (who is he?), which is very interesting, specially for youthful Marionettes—Co. begs pardon—*lapseu calami*—would have said, "Marie Antoinette,"—if considered as a Christmas book by the publishers, NELSON AND SONS, NELSON (AND SONS) expect every man this Christmas-time to do his duty. Has NELSON a column to himself in some paper, as his great namesake has in Trafalgar Square? But, *à propos* of Trafalgar Square, I must move on. "Next, please, Co."

The Story-telling Album. By WELLS, DARTON & Co. Co. cannot conscientiously encourage children in story-telling, but this is an exception, and to be recommended.

Easy stories ("It is as easy as . . . story-telling"—*Hamlet* politely adapted), and beautiful pictures. Boys will like *That Bother of a Boy*, which is the story of an Imp, by GRACE STEERING; and some amusement may be found in *The Moderate Man*, issued by publishers who have been Downey enough to get HARRY FURNISS to illustrate it.

Messrs. MACMILLAN are reproducing Miss YONGE's and CHARLES KINGSLEY's Books. They ought to be very popular; they were, once upon a time. But, personally speaking for myself, and not for "Co." I never could read one of them, and can't now.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH's "Christmas Posy" is first-rate, and entitles the authoress to be called Mother Bunch. Same MACMILLAN bring out double Christmas number of *English Illustrated Magazine*, which keeps up its literary and artistic prestige. The Quill Pen-slopes of *London Society* (Christmas number of course) are Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON (always pleasant reading), Mrs. CASHEL HOBY and Mrs. FLORENCE MARRYAT. When will these three meet again? Next Christmas probably. Good company these three ladies when you're training down to the country for Christmas.

My faithful "Co." reports that he has been reading with great delight a *Crack County*, by Mrs. E. KENNARD, which he fancies is either a hunting story, or the rough sketch for the scenario of a Christmas Pantomime. He inclines to the latter belief, as he finds such names as *Lord Littlebrain*, and *General Prouceboy*, which remind him of the customary lines in the play-bills,—"Cricketers—Messrs. GLOVES, STUMPS, BATS, and BALLS;" and "Lawyers—Messrs. COSTS, WRITS, and SUMMONS." If it is a hunting story, and only a hunting story, why then it is equally interesting, especially the earlier chapters of the first volume, in which is recorded a run after a fox in a fog! He, however, was sorry to notice that the fair Authoress is rather too fond of making her hunting-men use strong language. Had the novel been illustrated, no doubt it would have found a place in the Library of the late Mr. Jorrocks.

"Co." was under a misapprehension last week in putting down the pretty *Rosebud Annual* to Messrs. G. WARNE—it is published by JAMES CLARKE & Co. "Co." has been Warned. By the way, the *Australian Flowers Album*, with frames in the flowers for holding photographs, is, Co. thinks, very "tasty." There's humour in this idea of SMITH AND DOWNY's, if you only select the right people to fill the spaces, as some faces set among the flowers do seem so appropriately placed.

B. DE B.-W. & Co.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Mrs. de la Bore-Brown (to Jones, who, instead of listening to her Story, has been deeply interested in what young Smith is saying to Miss Robinson). "AND NOW, TELL ME CANDIDLY—WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IN MY PLACE?"

"REMEMBER!"

A WORD IN SEASON.

Shade of Gordon, loquitur:—

ONCE more into the Desert, once again
Treading the sands scarce free of the red stain
Left by your lost slain thousands? Back once more
To face the swarthy spearmen's rush and roar
With a mere handful? Can it really be?
Have you forgotten El Obeid—and Me?
Beware! What matter who your hosts may head,
That SALISBURY leads now where GLADSTONE led?
The doom of vacillation is the same,
Helpless confusion, failure, and disface.
Yours to determine, lessoned by a past
At which your stoutest patriots stood aghast,
Yours to determine whether once again
The bravest English breasts should faint with pain,
With shame should sicken, at the piteous sight
Of Policy, the prey of Party fight.
Sinkat, Tokar, Khartoum! These names should teach
E'en slaves of purse-strings, dupes of flowing speech
How shambling statecraft may go blundering on,
Till, Valour paralysed, and Honour gone,
E'en the Exchequer finds how scant the gain
That comes from friends betrayed and heroes slain.

Remember! What you do, do well, at once!
He who, thrice schooled, forgets, is worse than dunces.
Yon is no region for the paltering pranks
Of trimmers tame from Party's rival ranks.
Withdraw your foot from out those treacherous sands,
Or plant it firmly there. The desert bands,
Their desperate valour in unequal fight,
The swift evasion of their trackless flight,
You know. Send no more knots of men to fall
In a lone waste or by a ruined wall.

Send them no more, I say, nor be content
To sit in sullen silence while they're sent,
Pushed here and there like pawns, without an aim,
By bungling players of a blindfold game.
Yours the responsibility at last,
As yours the shame by such dishonour cast;
Be yours the resolution! Still Khartoum,
But named, clouds every English face with gloom.
'Twas there such fumbling policy as this
Found tragic issue. Can you—dare you—miss
The obvious moral? Caution is not crime,
But feebleness is guilt. Be warned in time!

READ THIS! AN UNPARALLELED PRIZE!

How to Get a Healthy Circulation in the Cold Weather.

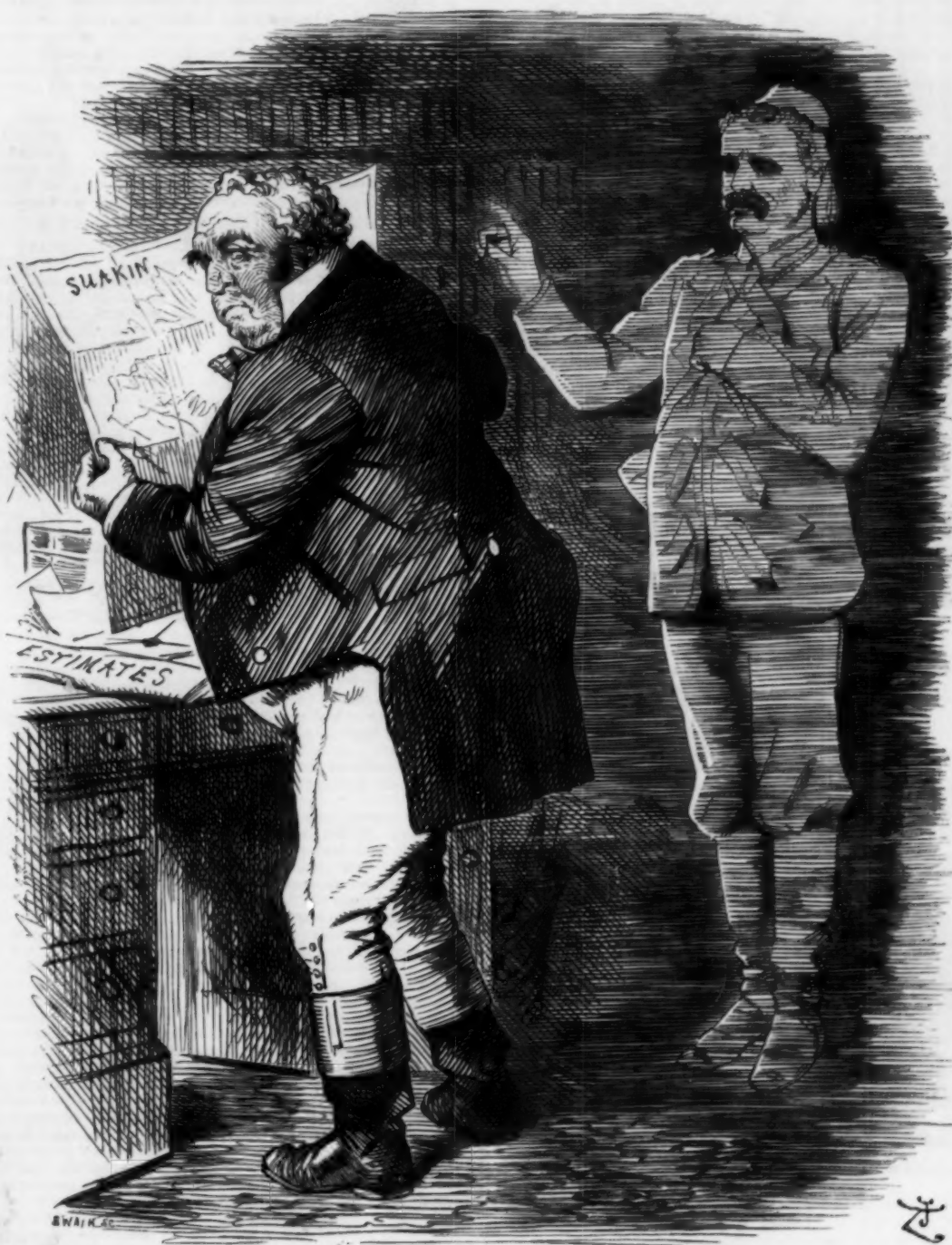
CHAMPION SQUIBS' UNPRECEDENTEDLY GENEROUS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

IN reply to our offer of one guinea for the best suggestion as to what would be at once the most popular and the most unique Prize for a successful answer sent in to our Christmas Conundrum, we (*Champion Illustrated Squibs*) have received bushels of answers, of which we print a few specimens.

"CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER" writes—"I think you couldn't do better than give one bound volume of your delightful paper to the successful Competitor. True, its market price is only about seven shillings, but I consider it worth ten times that sum, and so I am sure will all your other readers who, like me, have no professional connection whatever with your marvellous pennyworth."

"GENEROUS SOUL" says—"You do not state the limit of money value for the Christmas Prize. However, knowing how munificent you are, or wish to be thought, I fancy you could not do better than offer two *Special Private Pullman Cars*, one for meals, and the other for sleeping, such as the *CAR of RUSSIA* uses, with a free pass for, say, twenty persons for one whole year, over all the railways of England and Scotland. This would get you a lot of readers among railway travellers."

"PALE STUDENT," who does not seem quite to have grasped what our design for Christmas is, writes as follows:—"I hear that you



“REMEMBER!”

SHADE OF GORDON. “IF YOU MEAN TO SEND HELP, DO IT THOROUGHLY, AND—DO IT AT ONCE!!”

wish to do something really surprising. Well, what could be a greater surprise to your readers than if your Christmas Number were to simply contain, instead of the usual short stories and borrowed scraps, humorous and otherwise (especially otherwise), the whole of MILTON'S 'Paradise Lost,' printed 'in extenso'? It might not largely increase your circulation, and in fact would probably ruin the paper, but think what an impetus it would give to the spread of a taste for high-class literature!

"PRACTICAL" says:—"Why not make your prize something really Christmassy? I would suggest half a prize bullock for the most successful competitor, ten prime turkeys for second, a monster plum pudding for third, and so on through geese and fowls to a modest rippered herring. In this way you would share the advantages offered among a large number."

As none of the above suggestions are quite satisfactory, we have decided to keep the guinea for ourselves, and to select the following:—

UNPRECEDENTED YULE-TIDE OFFERING!

as our first prize (the only one) for the forthcoming festive season.

A Full-size African Rhinoceros will be despatched to the private residence of the person fortunate enough to give, in our judgment, the best answer to the conundrum which will be published in our next week's issue. In order to increase the pleasurable surprise when it arrives at the door, we shall give no notice of its coming! Thus, all our readers, successful or not, will share in the anxious expectancy consequent on the possible unobscuring in their street of this truly noble quadruped. A special ship has been chartered to bring the animal over from the Congo; and we should advise the prize-taker to secure it in his back garden by a chain attached to the most solid thing in the neighbourhood. It is probable that cats will avoid the garden, and so a double advantage will be reaped by the fortunate owner.

N.B.—Should any difficulty be experienced with the animal, Messrs. CARTER, PATERSON & Co. would, if applied to, peremptorily decline to call for it with one of their vans. Our readers will admit that no such prize as this has ever before been offered by any English journal.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

November 14.—A red-letter day. Our first important party since we have been in this house. I got home early from the City. LUPIN insisted on having a hired waiter, and stood a half-dozen of champagne. I think this an unnecessary expense, but LUPIN said he had had a piece of luck, having made three pounds out of a private deal in the City. I hope he won't gamble in his new situation. The supper-room looked so nice, and CARRIE truly said, "We need not be ashamed of its being seen by Mr. PERKUPP, should he honour us by coming."



I dressed early in case people should arrive punctually at 8 o'clock, and was much vexed to find my new dress trousers much too short. LUPIN, who is getting beyond his position, found fault with my wearing ordinary boots instead of dress boots. I replied, satirically, "My dear son, I have lived to be above that sort of thing." LUPIN burst out laughing and said, "A man generally was above his boots." This may be funny or it may not, but I was gratified to find he had not discovered the coral had come off one of my studs. CARRIE looked a picture, wearing the dress she wore at the Mansion House. The arrangement of the drawing-room was excellent. CARRIE had hung muslin curtains over the folding-doors, and also over one of the entrances, for we had removed the door from its hinges. Mr. PETERS, the waiter, arrived in good time, and I gave him strict orders not to open another bottle of champagne until the previous one was empty. CARRIE arranged for some sherry and port wine to be placed on the drawing-room sideboard with some glasses. By the bye, our new enlarged and tinted photographs look very nice on the walls, especially as CARRIE has arranged some Liberty silk bows on the four corners of them.

The first arrival was GOWING, who with his usual taste greeted me with, "Hulloh, Pooter, why your trousers are too short!" I simply said, "Very likely, and you will find my temper 'short' also." He said, "That won't make your trousers longer, Juggins. You should get your Missus to put a flounce on them." I wonder I waste my time entering his insulting observations in my diary. The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. CUMMINGS. The former said, "As you didn't say anything about dress, I have come 'half dress.'" He had on a black frock-coat and white tie. The JAMES, Mr. MERTON, and Mr. STILLBROOK arrived, but LUPIN was restless and unbearable till his DAISY MUTLAR and FRANK arrived. CARRIE and I were rather startled at DAISY'S appearance. She had a bright crimson dress on, cut very low in the neck. I do not think such a style modest. She ought to have taken a lesson from CARRIE, and covered her shoulders

with a little lace. WUMMINGS and his four daughters came, so did FRANCHING, and one or two of LUPIN'S new friends, members of the "Holloway Comedians." We had some music, and LUPIN, who never left DAISY'S side for a moment, raved over her singing of a new song called "The Garden of Sleep." It seemed a pretty song, but she made such grimaces, and sang to my mind so out of tune, I would not have asked her to sing again, but LUPIN made her sing four songs right off one after the other.

At ten o'clock we went down to supper, and, from the way GOWING and CUMMINGS eat, you would have thought they had not had a meal for a month. I told CARRIE to keep something back in case Mr. PERKUPP should come by mere chance. GOWING annoyed me very much by filling a large tumbler of champagne, and drinking it straight off. He repeated this action, and made me fear our half dozen of champagne would not last out. I tried to keep a bottle back, but LUPIN got hold of it, and took it to the side-table with DAISY and FRANK MUTLAR. We went upstairs, and the young fellows began skylarking. CARRIE put a stop to that at once. STILLBROOK amused us with a song, "What Have You Done with your Cousin John?" I did not notice that LUPIN and FRANK had disappeared. I asked Mr. WATSON, one of the Holloways where they were, and he said, "It's a case of 'Oh, what a surprise!'" We were directed to form a circle—which we did. WATSON then said, "I have much pleasure in introducing the celebrated Blondin Donkey." Frank and LUPIN then bounded into the room. LUPIN had whitened his face like a Clown, and FRANK had tied round his waist a large hearth-rug. He was supposed to be the donkey, and he looked it. They indulged in a very noisy Pantomime, and we were all shrieking with laughter. I turned round suddenly, and then I saw Mr. PERKUPP standing half-way in the door, he having arrived without our knowing it. I beckoned to CARRIE, and we went up to him at once. He would not come right into the room. I apologised for the foolery, but Mr. PERKUPP said, "Oh, it seems amusing." I could see he was not a bit amused. CARRIE and I took him down-stairs, but the table was a wreck. There was not a glass of champagne left—not even a sandwich. Mr. PERKUPP said he required nothing, but would like a glass of seltzer or soda water. The last syphon was empty. CARRIE said, "We have plenty of port wine left." Mr. PERKUPP said, with a smile, "No thank you. I really require nothing, but I am most pleased to see you and your husband in your own home. Good night, Mrs. Pooter—you will excuse my very short stay, I know." I went with him to his carriage, and he said, "Don't trouble to come to the office till twelve to-morrow." I felt despondent as I went back to the house, and I told CARRIE I thought the party was a failure. CARRIE said it was a great success, and I was only tired, and insisted on my having some port myself. I drank two glasses, and felt much better; and we went into the drawing-room, where they had commenced dancing. CARRIE and I had a little dance, which I said reminded me of the Mansion House. She said I was a spoony old thing.

PUNCH AND "JUDITH" À LA MODE DE PARRY.

AN excellent performance of this, PARRY'S Oratorio in London, at the St. James's Hall, last Thursday. One of the series of NOVELLO'S Oratorio Concerts, with Dr. MACKENZIE presiding—we should say, conducting. The boys made a great hit. Quite an Oratorio for holiday time, as there are so many children in it. It will, of course, be given again in the Christmas vacation. In his preface to the Book of the Words the Composer gives the reasons (quite unnecessary) for selecting this "Israelitish story," which he has illustrated with Israel-lightish music, as it is not in the least heavy or tedious. Its reception was enthusiastic: Mr. HUBERT PARRY and everybody was applauded, and Dr. MACKENZIE—now known as "the one MAC"—to distinguish him from "the Two MACS"—beamed again as he "boo'd and boo'd" to the audience.



Now and Then.

(By one of the 150 Gladstonians who presented Mr. John Dillon with an Illuminated Address.)

ONCE, I own, we looked upon JOHN DILLON
As a very wicked sort of villain.
Now a little touch of Party paint
Makes JOHN DILLON look almost a Saint.
Funny the effect of GLADSTONE'S Bill on
Party points of view of Mr. DILLON!



IDENTITY.

Enthusiastic Amateur (at the National Gallery). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE NEW 'CONSTABLE'?"

Hibernian Officer. "SHURE IT'S MEESELF YE MUST MANE, SOR! I CAME ON JEWTEE HERE FOR THE FOIRST TOIME THIS WEEK, SOR!"

TOO ADVANCED SHEETS; OR, SEASONABLE LITERATURE À LA MODE.

SCENE—A Publisher's Sanctum. Time, December 1st, 1888. Head of the Firm discovered. To him enter Author.

Author. I have called, as I promised I would, with a MS., which I believe to be suitable to your requirements.

Publisher. Most happy to receive it, my dear Sir, most happy. What is it about?

Author. It is a story intended for a Summer Number—for your next year's Summer Number.

Publisher. My dear Sir, that was distributed last November. But what is it about?

Author. I call it "May Day in India."

Publisher. Turn it into "Christmas Eve at the North Pole," and perhaps we may be able to find an opening for it.

Author. Well, the task is not impossible. I have carried out similar transformations. But what would you do with it in its amended form?

Publisher. Why, pop it into our Christmas Annual for 1889-90, which is now in a forward state of preparation.

Author. Surely you are a little early?

Publisher. Not at all—next year we shall produce our Christmas Annual in June! And now, my dear Sir, having settled our business, I am sure you will forgive me if I withdraw. Fact is, we are just now busy launching our Contemporary Magazine, which we have decided to call *The Twentieth Century!* [Exit hurriedly.]

TO MY HAIRDRESSER.

(Not to make Conversation.)

You tell me that the day is fine,

You say my hair is getting thin,

Anon you proffer Smearoline,

Or comment on my tender skin;
Good friend, for goodness' sake forbear,
I prithee only cut my hair.

For think—a shy, retiring man,
I shun the toilet's public rite,
Until my Cousins—Cousins can—
Reproach me for a Perfect Fright.
And must I bear, too shy to snub,
The babble of your Toilet Club?

I know, for every day for years
I've scann'd the glass with careful eye,
Whether the heaven clouds or clears,
Whether the roads are wet or dry;
Indeed, indeed, I do not care
Whether you think it foul or fair.

And why observe, with honied zest,
What men by many phrases call,
That phase which must be dubb'd at best
Unduly intellectual?
What though my loftier temples shine,
That is no business of thine.

Think you, when, in your wrapper swathed,
I cower beneath the harrowing comb,
Or crouch, in creaming lather bathed,
Beneath the hose's numbing foam,
Or bear, while tears unbidden gush,
The rigours of your softest brush,—

Think you, at such a time as this,
I care to hear, with nerves unstrung,
The dirge of bygone days of bliss
Trip lightly from a stranger's tongue?
What if your victim stood at bay,
And told you you were bald or grey?

The head you handle like a block,
And brand with slighting comments cool,
Has bravely borne the battle's shock,
And starr'd the grey old walls at school;
Has sprained a Bishop's reverend wrist,
And badly bruised a Judge's fist.

They were not Judge and Bishop then,
But only chubby, scrubby boys;
And now they're grave and reverend men.
I value those remember'd joys,
And grieve that evil should be said
About my own, my only head.

Your politics are nought to me;
I'll keep my views about the weather:
I only wish we could agree
That I am neither wood nor leather.
Be gentle; 'tis the nobler plan,
And stint your chatter, if you can.

GOODY TEA-SHOES.—The latest fad in the way of fashion reported from the United States is the fancy of a fair novelist who has devised a sweet thing in shoes. Her own slippers, designed for display at afternoon tea, she has had made in the form of gloves, each of her ten toes provided with "a separate pocket of kid in which it rests like a finger in the elongated pouch of a glove." Evidently an æsthetic young lady this, with quite a peculiar conception of the *résumé*.



House of Commons, Monday Night, December 3.—"Monsignor!" I gasped, as familiar figure flitted down Corridor, making for House of Commons. "Is this you, or will the Conservative Party have the long-delayed pleasure of beholding your wraith?"

"It's me, or perhaps I should more correctly say, it is I," said the G. O. M., playfully making a lunge at my tail with his umbrella, as if he were lopping off a short but serviceable branch from a tree. "Suppose you thought I was down at Hawarden? So I was; went off about a week ago. Fancied I was tired; might leave Autumn Session to younger men. Did very well for first day or two; vigorously read lessons in Church; wrote letters by the dozen, postcards by the score. Began an article for the *Twenty-first Century*. Read *HOMER* backwards; cut two old trees, and one early acquaintance; tried to make myself believe I was happy. But no use. Every morning papers came with Parliamentary Reports; BALFOUR back, in high spirits; Prorogation apparently as far off as ever; resisted temptation up to this morning. When papers arrived, containing columns of report of Saturday sitting, could stand it no longer. Irish Estimates on to-night; BALFOUR's salary to be voted;

opportunity for going over everything from beginning. Couldn't face another week at Hawarden with business buzzing on at Westminster; so jumped into train, and here I am. Ta-ta. Just going to Boo for BALFOUR."

Booing for BALFOUR all round. ELLIS began it; HEALY took part in it; DILLON had his say; and TREVELYAN gave a brief history of SPENCER's administration. G. O. M. beat everybody in vigour and vivacity. Managed to say something new about Mitchelstown. BALFOUR swears that the shot which slew LONERGAN was a *ricochet*. Photographs taken on the spot show that LONERGAN was in direct line with barrack window when shot fired.

"Were the photographs taken by *ricochet*?" roared GLADSTONE, leaning half across the table, and literally glaring upon the pensive BALFOUR.

"Capital idea," said MAPLE-BLUNDELL. "Shall add a new wing to our Mammoth establishment, and advertise photographing by *ricochet*. Sure to take."

BALFOUR, as usual, best at bay; received no help; asked for none; up half a dozen times; agile, adroit, brilliant. Supposed to be on

his defence, but ever on the offensive, slashing out right and left. No *ricochet* shots for him. *Business done.*—Irish Estimates in Supply.

Tuesday.—GLADSTONE yesterday, GRANDOLPH to-day.

"Which do you like best?" I asked OLD MORALITY.
"I'm past caring," he said, with a weary sigh. "You know what is written in the copy-book: 'The Crushed Worm doesn't ask which Wheel did it?'"

GRANDOLPH's attack delivered by old familiar war-way of the Soudan. STANHOPE complains that it was an ambush. House ostensibly met to discuss salary and expenses of Chief Secretary. ELLIS has moved Amendment, cutting off BALFOUR's coals.

"But, first of all," says TIM HEALY, "let's drag him over them." Process began last night, was to have been continued as soon as SPEAKER could be got out of Chair to-day; when GRANDOLPH suddenly and unexpectedly appears on scene; moves Adjournment, and attacks Government in rear; GLADSTONE, gladder than ever he came to town, holds them in check in front. Plan of Campaign carefully considered and laboriously worked out. Leading elements secrete and surprise.

"House may not like this sort of thing, TOBY," GRANDOLPH said. "May talk about underhand proceedings, hitting below the belt, and all that; but if I can get my respected leaders in a hole, I don't mind what the gentlemen of England say about me. The MARKISS openly boasts that he can do without me. We shall see."

Surprise complete. Consternation profound; even danger of defeat in the division lobby. STANHOPE came out well; most difficult position and best speech since he's been a Minister. When he sat down, an awkward pause. No one quite ready to take sides either with GRANDOLPH or against. NOLAN obligingly rattled away.

GOLDSWORTHY, holding out his hat as if he were about to take up a subscription for the Sick and Wounded, besought the Government to "be firm." HARCOURT, with unusual timidity, felt the way; and finally the G. O. M., having had time to think matter over, and look at it all round, threw up his cap for GRANDOLPH. A big division; some anxious moments; a majority of forty-two for Government, and disappointment for GRANDOLPH.

"I thought we should have run them closer than that," he said. "But it will serve. Only I wish we had the MARKISS in this House, instead of on the other side of the corridor. I suppose they told you of the message he sent me when I let him know he should hear from me shortly in the House of Commons? 'Dear RANDOLPH,' he wrote, 'I assure you you can't intimidate me by any amount of worrying of W. H. SMITH.' That's him; utterly selfish."

Business done.—RANDOLPH on the Rampage.

Thursday.—CURSE OF CAMBORNE muttering all over the House. Had spent some time in framing one of half a dozen questions; succeeded, after laborious effort, in making it what he thought attractive; handed it in at table; got up early this morning to enjoy sight of it in print and anticipation of putting it in House; found the SPEAKER had severely sub-edited it; taken out all the bad language, the innuendoes, insinuations, accusations. This is what the CURSE calls "emasculating" his question. Rises to make complaint; shows tendency to get behind SPEAKER's decision by reading out full terms of original composition. SPEAKER too quick for him. "Order! order!" he thundered, in a voice with which the CURSE is not unfamiliar. But he stumbled on. "I wish to explain—"

"Order! order! Put the Question!" says the SPEAKER.
"Shan't!" says the CURSE, and sits down pouting like spoiled child.

Business getting further in the rear than ever. Votes accumulate; opportunity of dealing with them decays. Time being shorter than ever, and business more pressing, SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate moves Adjournment, and proposes to discuss matter at length. The Grand

Young GARDNER (where's his Wife?) smiles at the claims of OLD MORALITY to have conducted affairs on business principles. CHAPLIN, recovering from depression in which he was plunged by abandonment of Bill creating Minister of Agriculture, girds at the SAGE, and mounting high horse ambles round the House; sparkling speech of neatly written-out *impromptus*. But CHAPLIN has fallen on evil times. Present House doesn't care for his pompous periods and his antique mannerisms.

"DISRAELI-and-Ditchwater," says Sir THOMAS ACLAND, retired Member, up on rare visit. Sat in House fifty years ago; remembers real and undiluted thing. HARCOURT—a sort of superior CHAPLIN—had his fling. Then OLD MORALITY trotted out references to "duty," "the country," "convenience of House," and so on. Said his say. Resolution withdrawn, and House got to work.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—"Why is the Hon. DADABHOI NAOROJI like the devil?" asks GEORGE ELLIOT, Junior, coming in after dinner ("GEORGE ELLIOT, Junior," says FOLKESTONE, "has inherited from GEORGE ELLIOT, père, a perennial after-dinner look, that grows a trifle accentuated towards eleven o'clock at night.")

"Order! Order!" I said, not, I trust, altogether without reminiscence of the deeper chest-notes and sterner manner of the SPEAKER. "It's all very well for the MARKISS, a master of flouts and jeers, to speak slightly of our fellow-subjects from the far East. It is, I suppose, an outcome of Unionist principles. But obscure people, like you and me, dear GEORGE, must be very careful."

"It isn't an insult—it's a conundrum."

"Oh, very well," I said, much mollified. "Then I give it up."

"Why is the Hon. DADABHOI NAOROJI like the devil? Because he's not as black as he's painted."

After this, proceedings in House seemed quite lively, although the business under discussion was none other than Employers' Liability Bill. Debated it till midnight. BRADLAUGH created some sensation by going over to Gentlemen of England.

"An early attachment, TOBY," he pleaded. "You remember how they used to clutch me on the way to the head of the stairs? They've got me now, and I never will desert them."

Business done.—Debate on Employers' Liability Bill.



Photographed by Ricochet.



A Conundrummer.



"Disraeli-and-Ditchwater."



"Drop in a sovereign!"

SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

(Some little way after Mortimer Collins.)

[It is stated that in Cornwall all sorts of flowers, from magnolia to mignonette, are still in full bloom in the open air, whilst another correspondent says that a hen "cut-throat" sparrow belonging to him has taken to laying eggs.]

Oh, Summer said to Winter,
"Earth-lovers love me best;
For I flush the mead, and I fill the
rill,
And the violet and the daffodil,
And the red, red rose o'er the
world I spill;
And my dawns are cool, and my
eves are chill;
And don't I run up the doctor's
bill
For bronchitis and all the rest!"

But Winter said to Summer:
"Earth-lovers best love me:

For I now bring aloof instead of
snow,
(Which comes in June, or mostly
And roses and noses at Christmas
blow,
[don't know,
And the birds their nesting-time
But lay in December—a pretty go!
And your azure skies, and your
sunny glow
Are silly legends of long ago;
Whilst as to the Doctor's Bills,
oh!
[trow,
We are equally good at them I
Fact is, the difference 'twixt us two
Is the purest fiddle-de-dee!

AN ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS STORY.—The picture of "The Violinist"—a capital Storey—a good old Storey—(A.R.A.), presented by the Goldsmiths to the Guildhall Art Gallery.

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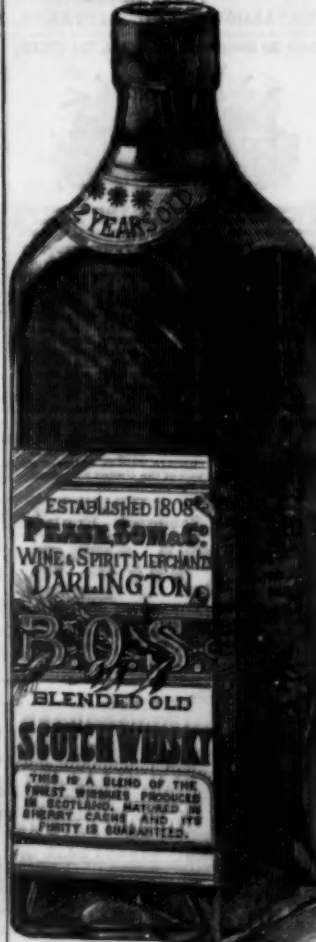
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